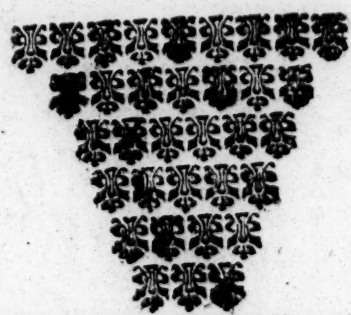


THE  
Town Display'd,  
IN A  
LETTER  
TO  
A MINTOR  
In the COUNTRY.



*London, Printed in the Year 1701.*







*Rob. Wake.*

T H E  
Town Display'd.

**M**Y Dear *Amintor*, on a Summer's Day,  
 Methoughts in *Helicon's* cool Shade I lay,  
 Where the *Castalian* River flows away;  
 I Sung of Conquest, and of *Albion's* Kings,  
 And to our *British* Hero's tun'd my Strings:  
 Methoughts I told the *Norman* Conquerors Toils,  
 And the Third *Edward*, Rich with *Gallick* Spoils,  
 When Great *Apollo*, Lighting from the Skies,  
 Thus seem'd to Check my lofty Enterprize.  
*Avoid, rash Youth, the Coy Heroick Muse,*  
*And some more humble Subject rather choose;*  
*Th' Sickly Fancy kindly Discommend,*  
*Of Young Amintor, your good Country Friend.*  
 Then swift the Vision fled, and I awoke,  
 And weighing what I dreamt *Apollo* spoke,  
 Resolv'd to try if I could change your Mind,  
 Since to the Town you are so much inclin'd.

I Grieve, *Amintor*, in your Country Seat,  
 To hear you like the Pleasures of the Great,  
 And weary grow of that secure Retreat.  
 Propitious Heav'n has plac'd you far from Town,  
 Among the shady Groves at *Bellington*;  
 Where undisturb'd, at Liberty you Reign  
 A little Monarch o'er the Rural Plain.  
 Approach, *Amintor*, and you'll soon perceive,  
 What small Delight this famous Town can give.  
 A wand'ring Traveller from far Espy'd  
 The lofty Pyramids, old *Ægypt's* Pride;



With vast Amazement, on the Pile he gaz'd,  
 And oft the Fabrick, oft the Builder, Prais'd:  
 It look'd so Noble as he onward Rode,  
 He took it for some Kings, or Gods Abode;  
 But as he entred, soon the Mortal found  
 Nothing but scatter'd Bones lay all around:  
 A Royal Charnel-House, where Monarchs lay,  
 Moulder'd to Dust, and Undistinguish'd Clay.  
 The Town a-far, may seem a pleasing Good  
 To you that Drink of Aged *Humber's* Flood;  
 But were you here, you'd find the *Ciren's* Voice  
 Can Charm, when distant, but when near, Destroys:  
*London!* The Source and Nursery of Sin  
 Is Lovely all without, Deformity within.  
 Look round the Habitable World, you'll find  
 No Folly started but 'tis here refin'd,  
 Our *Duels*, and our *Dress*, to *Swear* and *Dance*,  
 And *Keep our Words* we Learn from Neighbour *France*.  
 In *Italy*, Poor *Sodom's* fatal Vice  
 Of Loving Smock-Fac'd Boys, first took it's Rise:  
 Pleas'd with the new-found Sin, we soonest prove,  
 Our selves as fit as They for Beastly Love:  
 Now ev'ry Rakish Debauchee can Boast,  
 An *Hylas*, or *Adonis*, for his Toast.  
 The topeing *Germans*, on the swelling *Rhine*,  
 First taught us to *Carouse* in Bowls of *Wine*.  
*Pride* and *Inglorious Ease* we Learn'd from *Spain*,  
 From greedy *Holland*, Love of filthy *Gain*.  
 Then fly to *Lapland*, or Remote *Japan*,  
 To Eastern *Ganges*, or to *Surinam*;  
 Where bare-faced Honesty is often found,  
 Since *London* does with *Knaves* and *Fools* abound.

If I alone were able to Expose  
 The Multitude of *Fools* that *London* knows,  
 Whole Legions of *Cocquets*, and Crowds of *Beans*.  
 Then should the *Statesman*, with his formal Face,  
 Be told in Publick how he got his Place;

Tho'



The Favorite, for a common Curse should pass;  
 The *Poet*, a *Buffoon*; the *Fop* an *Ass*;  
 The *Drunken Clergyman*, should be a *Sot*,  
 And the *Fanatick Priest* should Talk by Rote.  
 But yet some Characters I will bestow,  
 First with the *B'lls* you must acquainted grow.

See fair *Horatia*, sprung of Noble Blood,  
 That looks so Modest, Innocent and Good,  
 Is as Imperial *Messalina* Lewd;  
 And as the Empress to the Brothels came,  
 To quench the heat of her Adult'rous Flame;  
 So may you see *Horatia* all alone,  
 This Chaste *Horatia*, ev'ry Night at one,  
 Panting with Lust, into the Stables run;  
 While handsom *Celadon* despairing Dies,  
 The Brawny Coachman bears away the Prize.

*Asteria* in the Play-House often Mourns  
*Essex* his Fate, and Sighs, and Weeps by turns:  
 She Curses *Nottingham's* base Treachery,  
 And Swoons to see th' Unhappy Favou'rite Die.  
 But why, *Asteria*, must you melt in Tears,  
 For one that has been Dead this Hundred Years?  
 For *W——s* you suffer, *W——s* that Plays the Part,  
 For Him you feel the Sympathizing Smart.  
 In Vain; a Player has the Players Heart,  
 Take *Milo* then, *Asteria* in your Heat,  
 Huge lusty *Milo*, that ne'er Play'd a Cheat.  
 But hold, the Swordsman, with his scarry Face,  
 Is just now sent for, by her Hot-Tail'd Grace.  
 There's *Bromus* still, the Executioner,  
 And Sooty *Maurus*, with his Woolly Hair.  
 They're Young, and broad of Back, and promise well,  
 Of Death the first shall mind thee, this of Hell.

Who says that Young *Cesonia's* common Grown?  
 'Tis Scandalous and False, she's True to One,  
 Impudent, Empty, Ugly, *Telephon*;



*Chilax* she hates, the Witty and the Gay,  
 For whom a thousand Beauties sigh all Day,  
 And on a Monster throws her self away.  
 What fatal Planets over Women Rule,  
 Since they neglect the Wit, and take the Fool!

*Cloe* was once the Common'st *Whore* in Town,  
 And always did the Trick for Half a Crown;  
 Not *George* or *Falconbridge* are better Known.  
 Now she beholds her yellow wither'd Looks,  
 She changes Novels for good Pious Books;  
 Forsakes the Musick-Meetings, and the Plays,  
 And, since she can't be Wicked, Sighs and Prays.  
 The Strumpet thinks her Soul is worth the Saving,  
 When no one thinks her Body worth their having.  
 Wisely she throws away, in Pious Rage,  
 Her Paint and Patches in a good Old Age;  
 And shows the World, at last, she must Repent,  
 When Wrinkles force the *Whore* to be a Saint.

Each Man of Honour for *Tr*—— Grieves;  
 The best good Husband, with the worst of Wives.  
 This falling *Eve*, so Lavish of her Charms,  
 Acting Unlawful Love in *O*——'s Arms;  
 Tho' Generous *Tr*—— could forgive,  
 And the Fair False-one once again Receive;  
 But this Eloping is a Charming Evil,  
 And she, poor thing, cou'd n't resist the Devil.  
 Away the Prodigal Adult'refs flies;  
 And in anothers Bed Insulting Lies:  
 'Tis then she leaves the Fond Deluded Man,  
 When all his Lands and Tenements are gone.  
 True Woman's Constant Gratitude, to hate  
 The Husband, when sh'has spent his whole Estate.

Who ever saw a Blush in *L*——y's Cheeks;  
 So fam'd for Lewdness, and her Mid-Night Freaks?  
 Is there a Night she misses being Drunk;  
 A Gaming, Swearing, Singing, Common Punk?

Her



Her tallow Face, bad Shape, black Teeth, flat Nose,  
Have made her Dſpicable with the Beaus;  
They Nauseate her; but ſtill the Strumpet takes  
Among the Bullies, and the Naſty Rakes.

The Chafteſt Lady among all the Fair,  
With Envy heard *Cecilia's* Character:  
Ten thouſand Lovely Bluſhes came and went,  
In that ſweet Face, which ſeem'd ſo Innocent.  
The Gay, the Modish Gallant, eager flies,  
To view the Luſtre of her Killing Eyes.  
*Cromus* and *Myron*, in their Coaches come,  
And cry her up the beſt in Chriſtendom.  
In vain they ſtrive the Virgin to ſeduce,  
With whineing Songs, and ſenſeleſs Billetdoux.  
Only a Duke could win the Charming Fair;  
A *George and Garter*, was her only Care.  
The Mask, ſhe had with ſuch impatience wore,  
Goes off, and ſhe appears a Glorious Whore.  
With an unuſual boldneſs plays her Tricks,  
And Rides Triumphant in her Coach and Six.  
Now foremoſt in the Rank for Lewdneſs ſtands,  
From Northern *Falconbridge* to *Betty Sands*.

Fly, Madam, with your Daughter, quickly fly.  
What will you ſhow her the Nobility?  
*The Girl has Vertue, Sir, and Modeſty.*  
Fly, Madam. Why that Equipage and Coach,  
Can all the Virtue in the Town Debauch!  
Grandure and Wealth, ſtill bear the greateſt Sway;  
But ſome for *Rhiſh* throw themſelves away.  
That Husband will have Horns upon his Head,  
Whoſe Wife Loves *Fenoulette* and *Annifeed*.  
This Fortune ſome have found by *Nantz*, and ſome  
By *Burgundy*, have ſuffer'd Cuckoldome.

*Panthea* once, juſt on the point to yield  
To ſighing *Strephon*, thus her Mind reveal'd;

*Alluring*



*Alluring Diamonds, Pearl, and Tempting Gold,  
Are things, have often Greedy Women Fool'd:  
But O fond Youth, if you would win Panthea,  
Give her a healing Quart of Ratifia;  
And soon the Nymph Enjoy'd her dear Delight,  
She Drunk all Day, and Bless'd the Swain at Night.*

*See Pious Bibula, how she Puffs and Blows;  
What Pains she takes to show her Scarlet Nose?  
This Hand the Bottle, that the Prayer-Book holds;  
With this the Matron Drinks, with that she Scolds:  
For over-taken in a Godly Rage,  
She takes to task the Follies of the Age.  
Says Drunkenness is grown a Sin too Common,  
'Tis Practic'd all day long by Man and Woman,  
That Ratifia is a Hellish Liquor,  
And should Exorcis'd be by Parish Vicar;  
Yet 'tis so much in Vogue, that she afraid-is,  
At last it will be taken by the Ladies.  
Cries, Paint's Idolatrous, and as she Speaks,  
The Red runs trickling down her furrow'd Cheeks.  
Then on a sudden Swears, There is no sparing  
Melanthe, since sh'has got the Trick of Swearing.  
Thus she runs on, in this Reforming Mood  
Is Bibula most Infamously Good.  
At length the Fumes up to her Head ascend;  
She Sleeps, and all her Preaching's at an End.*

*Doating Canidia, in her talking Fit,  
Tells me, Her Eldest Son's a Perfect Wit;  
He Reads and Writes; and is but just Thirteen,  
A thing that's rarely, very rarely seen;  
She fears that Death will snatch the forward Boy;  
Her only Comfort, and his Fathers Joy.  
Jemmy, Come hither, Where's your Bow my Dear?  
'Tis Twenty Miles suppose from hence to Ware:  
How many back? Twenty. D'ye mind him Sir?*

His



*His Apprehension's quick, his Reasons strong;*  
 Madam, I'll warrant you the Child Lives long.

*Memnon* and *Sylvia*, lead a merry Life,  
 A whoring Husband, and a wanton Wife;  
 They help each other in their Amorous Trade,  
 For she Lies with his Man, he with her Maid.

We hear *Drusilla*, in her Morning Dress,  
 Complain of Vapours, and her want of Rest;  
 Her Stomach fails her, and her Eyes grow Dim,  
 She feels a racking Ach in ev'ry Limb;  
 She tries her Old Receipts to ease her Pain,  
 And get an Appetite, but all in Vain:  
 She wonders then what can the reason be.  
 Alas, *Drusilla*, be advis'd by me;  
 Thy Face is wither'd, and thy Teeth are gone,  
 Do as thy Grand-Mother, before has done,  
 And thy old Mother, Die at Seventy One. }

In silence I can ne'er pass *Sapho* by,  
 To silence sure the greatest Enemy.  
*Sapho* the first in all the Female Throng,  
 Of those that have no Continence of Tongue;  
 To that Degree with Words she does abound,  
 Like Echo, she is nothing else but Sound.  
 The roaring Canon, or the Thunders Noise,  
 Can't stop the Rapid Torrent of her Voice.  
 Old *Shakespear's* Wit, Judiciously she weighs,  
 And gives her Judgement of our Modern Playes.  
 She thinks the *Spartan* Hero too unkind,  
 When a fair Lady plainly speaks her Mind.  
 Then *Aureng-Zebe* she Loves, and says that Rhyme,  
 Is more to be observ'd then Place or Time.  
 With what Delight, she hears *Armida* Rage  
 For lost *Rinaldo*? And turns down the Page.  
 Good *Sapho* wear a Gown, and in the Hall,  
 Scold with old L——, or with D——s Bawl,



Rest secure, Madam, of the Court's Applause;  
 Your Lungs are able to obtain the Cause.  
*Amintor*, such as these *St. James's* yields,  
 These are the *B'lls*, we find in *Lei'ster-fields*;  
 Such in *Pell-mell*, where Noble Worth resides,  
 And Quality, and something else besides.  
 But I must take my Leave, for who would Pry  
 Into the Affectation, Vanity,  
 With all the Fopperies of the Female Fry?  
 To Town, if you can Fancy such as these,  
 If the *Horatia's* and *Asteria's* Please.

Now let us see what Fops our own Sex shows,  
 Among the Poets, and Conceited Beaus.

Empty *Narcissus*, to the Play-House comes,  
 By fits is silent, talks, sits down and hums:  
 He shows in the Side-Boxes and the Pit,  
 Excess of Vanity, and Want of Wit.  
 Behold him at his flattering Looking-Glass,  
 In Love with his abominable Face:  
*This Face*, says he, *What Lady can withstand?*  
*What mayn't I hope to touch with this white Hand?*  
*They're all intirely now at my Command.*  
 Cease, good *Narcissus*; Pray these thoughts forbear;  
 For to whatever's Handsome, Lovely, Fair,  
 Of all God's Creatures, thou hast least Pretence;  
 Thy Looks are Killing in another Sense:  
 And if thy full Peruke shou'd chance to fail,  
 Trust nothing else, thy Face will ne'er prevail.

The next is *Cosmus*, who no trouble spares,  
 To put on killing Looks, and tender Airs:  
 He thinks his Coat bedawb'd with Gold, has Charms  
 To make a Countess take him in her Arms.  
 Then he affects a sort of Languishing,  
 You'd Swear you never saw so soft a thing.

And



And if a Lady meets his Ogling Eyes,  
 He strait concludes for Love of him she Dies.  
 This tender thing abhors a Naked Sword,  
 'Tis true, he Breeches wears, and has a Beard,  
 Has Travel'd, seen the *Louvre* and *Versailles*,  
 Or I had plac'd the Beau among the *B'lls*.

He with a Comely Mein, and Flowing Hair,  
 Is H—— a Despiser of the Fair,  
 In S—— he Places all his Joy,  
 And Swears that Woman's an Insipid Toy.  
*Whoring*, says he, 's an Out-of-Fashion Sport,  
*Lov'd* in the Country, and *Despis'd* at Court.  
*What freeborn Spirit, would to Woman bow?*  
*The Vainest, most Insulting thing we know.*  
*What Man of Sense, would deign to Stoop so low?*  
*First you must bear the fair ones Cruel Pride,*  
*Must often Ask, and often be Deny'd;*  
*For Anger Bite your Inoffensive Nails,*  
*And Stamp when e'er your Tyrant Mistress Fails,*  
*Once I, forgotten be the Cursed Day,*  
*On Proud Nerissa threw a Sigh away.*  
*In Vain with Oyntments, I my Hair Perfum'd;*  
*In Vain I strove to Please, in Vain Presum'd*  
*To shew my Passion, and express my Love;*  
*For nothing that I us'd, her Mind cou'd move;*  
*Since which I Swore Devoutly to maintain*  
*Perpetual Discord with the Female Train.*  
*Let him I hate some Senseless She adore,*  
*May she be Dull, Ill-Natur'd, and a Whore;*  
*But thou, my Friend, choose thou some Lovely Boy,*  
*A Noble Passion, and a Manly Joy.*  
*He at a word will Kind and Willing Prove;*  
*She, tho' you Bleed, regardless sees your Love.*  
*And then he told, how Hylus us'd to Please*  
*Joves God-like Son, Lernean Hercules.*  
 Strange Shame, ye Gods, when Man and Man Combine  
 In filthy Love, Promiscuously to joyn!



For ever Curs'd be their Unnatural Fire;  
 May they consume with Lust and hot Desire.  
 In some Vile Bogg-House quench their wretched Flame,  
 And Die Unpittied, and without a Name.

The next is *Posidippus*, out of Breath,  
 Like a Physician upon Life and Death;  
 Strange Newes he brings concerning *Catinat*,  
 He heard it from a Minister of State;  
 Prince *Eugene* has at last contriv'd a Bridge,  
 By stratagem unknown Cross the *Adige*,  
 And pass'd the River with a mighty Force,  
 Full fifty thousand Foot, and forty thousand Horse.  
 The Emperour will *Milan* quickly gain,  
 He's fourscore thousand Strong upon the *Rhine*,  
 And in a Year or two will Conquer *Spain*. }

But on the other side, *Hermippus* Walks  
 With tristful Phiz; and in this manner Talks:  
*Sad News, my Masters, We are all Undone,*  
*The French have Holland almost Over-run;*  
*Maestricht's Besieg'd, the Portuguese have made*  
*A League with Spain, and Venice will, 'tis said.*  
*A Fleet of Ships was seen a League or more,*  
*From Dover Castle, near the Kentish Shoar.*  
*He thinks that Boufflers, with a mighty Host,*  
*Will quickly be upon the British Coast.*  
 Insipid Coxcombs, how they din our Ears?  
 That with Vain boasting, this with groundless Fears.

Now let us search the Tribe Levitical,  
 And see if they are all Spiritual.

First, S——m's Brawny Prelate shall appear,  
 With Sanctifi'd Grimace, and Godly Leer:  
 View well this off-spring of the *High-Land* Race,  
 And mark his Roguish Look, and Hanging Face;  
 You'll Judge him of the true *Geneva* Brood,  
 He is so Hypocritically Good.  
 The whining Accent, and the drawling Tone,  
 Have still the Rank Fanatick always shown.  
 So sly's his Countenance, his ways so Odd,  
 That when he Prays, you'd think he Cheats his God.

His



His Mother School'd him in his tender Years,  
 And thus exprefs'd her self with Zealous Tears.  
*By Scotland's Kirk, my Boy, Devoutly stand,*  
*'Tis Mine, and 'twas thy Fathers last Command;*  
*In that, Dear Child, thou Prosperously shalt Live,*  
*And by most Righteous Cheating always Thrive:*  
*Swear not, 'tis Antichristianity;*  
*But if you Lye, do it Religio sly.*  
*Be well Affected to no English Reign;*  
*Yet never break your Promise but for Gain.*  
*To Bishops Swear Eternal Enmitie:*  
*But O, my hopefull Son, if thou canst be*  
*A Bishop, take the Profitable See;*  
*To show to Scotland, you remain sincere,*  
*Lawn Sleeves, their Holy Badge, Pray never wear.*  
*The Beldam ended, and the Urchin bow'd,*  
*Then Learn'd to Pray Extempore aloud;*  
*A faithful and obedient Son he proves,*  
*Lawn he abhors, 'tis Holland that he Loves.*

Old *W——r* skill'd in deep Chronology,  
 And hidden Times, methinks I yonder see.  
 There's nothing that's Impertinent or Vain,  
 But what he Labours to acquire with Pain.  
 He knows the Year that *Babel* was begun,  
 And Names the Man that lay'd the Corner Stone;  
 Can tell exactly, to a very Day,  
 When *David* with *Uriah's* Consort lay;  
 Who knows like him the fam'd *Olympick* Course,  
 Or tells the Marks of *Alexanders* Horse?  
*Semiramis*, says he, upon the Throne,  
*Was taken by the Persians for her Son,*  
*Who then was Dead: Now tell me, if you can,*  
*If he like Woman look'd, or she like Man.*  
 A weighty Question! worthy the Debate  
 Of a Grey Bearded Counsellour of State.  
 My Lord, Pray leave these Trifles, if you Please;  
 Think on your Calling, and your Diocess.



For matchless Dullness in Religion,  
Take C——'s B——p and th' B——p's Son,

For Pointed Satyr in Divinity,  
Grave S—— deserves Superiority.

For a large Conscience, go to Gl——r Hall,  
Ask at the Lodgings for the Pr——l.  
For he, like many of the Churches Sons,  
More than his own, the Nation's Sins bemoans.  
When he holds forth; *Repent*, the Pulpit sounds;  
*Inherit Glory and Eternal Crowns*;  
But Lives as if he Fancy'd Temporal Ones.  
Then he's a Latin Poet, and what's more,  
By Greek and Hebrew proves the Pope a Whore,  
To a Dark Room confine the Hot-Brain'd Fool,  
At home in his Gl——n Grecian School.

But Drunken A——b, shan't forgotten pass  
Among the Crowd, with his Red Fiery Face;  
No Rakish Priest in Country, or in Town,  
Is more a Scandal to the Clergy's Gown.  
The Divine Catch-maker has always been,  
A Ranting C——n, and a Drinking D——n.  
One while he's Chymist, Theologue, Logician;  
Now an Anatomist, then a Musician;  
And from *Corelli* and *Bassani* steals,  
What skillful *Purcel* to the World reveals.  
An Anthem now, and now a Song he sets;  
He's nothing long, and every thing by Fits.  
But whatso'er his Whimsical Design,  
We find him still most Constant in his Wine.  
Who that should hear him in his Musick room,  
Wou'd think the Man of God in Christendome?  
*Jack*, thou'rt a Toper, merrily resounds,  
And tick'd for Claret generously abounds.  
Then *Italy's* Unwedded Clergy's Heat;  
In him is most Predominantly Great,



Ill-manner'd, Awkard, P——ng's Sneaking Phiz,  
 The Merry Singing Doctor satisfies.  
 S——d he hugs, his Dear Lov'd Natural Child,  
 So oft Defiling, and so oft Defil'd:  
 With what aversion we behold the Sot,  
 Bugger the Bastard which he once begot!

The Poet's, who *Castalian* Water Swill,  
 Have next the Labour of my weary Quill:  
 These are a Drug, and *Pegasus* is grown  
 The meanest *Hackney Jade* about the Town.  
 Men, Boys, and Women, now are Poets; scarce  
 One that has Learn'd to Write, but Writes in Verse.

For Wit and Learning I would Gr——lle choose,  
 A Noble Patron, with a Noble Muse.  
 There's none like him, has those prevailing Arts  
 To Charm the Ladies, and to Conquer Hearts:  
 The Fair *Chryteis*, in Heroick Love,  
 More than in *Homer*, does our Pity move;  
 In him we first saw fierce *Achilles* Rage,  
 But now we see him Greater on the Stage,  
 C—— in Vain, in Tragick *Buskins* try'd  
 To please the Criticks with his *Mourning Bride*;  
 For who the Devil knows where all the Sense is,  
 In the Epistle to our Royal Princess?  
 Or who is so much a Philosopher,  
 To tell the meaning of his wafting Air?  
 Let him forsake the lofty Tragick Scene,  
 And the Dull Town with Humour Entertain;  
 For the *Old Batchelor*, without a Plot,  
 Will Live, when the poor *Mourning-Bride's* forgot.

What Man of Sense, has Patience to Peruse  
 The heavy Flights of Bl——'s humble Muse?  
 'Twou'd make one Sick to Read the Godly Speech;  
 I wonder how his Heroes Learn to Preach.



He follows *Phæbus* in his double Trade, *Rob. Wake*.  
 And is in both most exquisitely bad;  
 If we escape his Phyfick, and his Pills,  
 Those whom the *Doctor* spares, the *Poet* kills.

C——n with a feeble Pace and hoary Hairs,  
 Has just out-Liv'd his Wit by twenty Years.

And D——y too, has lost the knack to Please  
 His Ancient Clapping Friends, the Galleries.  
 Farce was his Talent; but, alas! In that  
 He has of late appear'd Unfortunate.  
 Quit all Pretensions to Dramatick Bays,  
 And by some meaner way seek little Praise;  
 Confine thy self to Senseless *Anagram*,  
 Sing *Blowzabella*, or *Scotch Sawney's* Flame;  
 But if you needs must venture on the Stage,  
 Draw thy own Character, and I'll Engage,  
 When others fail, that will divert the Age. }

Enough; for it were endless to Repeat,  
 All those that on *Parnassus* claim a Seat.  
 And M——x, G——n, T——r, P——x, shall be  
 Forgotten now, and in Futurity.

6 MA 50

---

F I N I S.



